

TENTH YEAR.

ON THE HOME STAGE

Katie Putnam Played to Small Houses at Powers.

ONCE A GREAT FAVORITE HERE

Lester's "Oh, What a Night." Did a Big Business at the Grand-Attention for the Week.

The past week has been indifferent, so far as the local stage is concerned. There were great expectations for the engagement of Katie Putnam, who appeared in two plays at the Powers, which fitted snugly about her talents. This little woman, who is marvelous in makeup and vivacity, imbued with more spirit and artistic sense than Lotta, Maggie Mitchell and a dozen of popular sopranos, played to empty benches. "Alas, how soon we are forgotten." Twenty years ago the earnest little Katie Putnam would have packed any theater in the town. In fact, in those days she was a favorite among the select patrons of the drama in Grand Rapids. She was not only a stage, but a social favorite. Many an old resident will remember the day when the buoyant Katie Putnam graced the theatre of numerous pioneer mansions, but at her recent engagement there was none so poor to do her reverence. She is an artist, nevertheless, and the lack of attendance at Powers' went to the little woman's heart, for she is really supreme in her art.

Charlie Lester, whether he can act or not, you must acknowledge that he is an actor, and he jumped and rolled about the stage at The Grand during the past week in a way to thoroughly exemplify the virtue of the title, "Oh, What a Night." It was a great night, all the week, for as attendance was concerned. The theater had good patronage, for Lester and his people who presented specialties, are capable and acceptable. The Grand did a paying business instead of empty benches. Here is a hint to those who secure the attractions at The Grand. You have outlasted a patronage for six years past. They know the good from the bad. They have become a clientele that can criticize as to their taste and liking. They know something about the theater. They have neglected the poor show that past winter. To hold their friendship and patronage you must give them the same companies that you book in Detroit or Toledo, or your business will continue at the average.

In a general way it would be needless to refer to the theatrical ventures regarding the week's fair. How many managers, players and speculators have hoped centered there?

The eye of every actor, of every admirer of the stage and sincere admirer of Edwin Booth in the Players' club, New York, during the last seven days. The life of this noble gentleman has hung on a slender thread during the past fortnight, and the press has teemed in a modest way with stories about his benefactions, which were always given with a respect to "Let not thy right hand know what thy right hand doeth." This was always so with Edwin Booth. The humblest player in the land, who had worth and ambition could address him on equal grounds with his leading man, a fellow whose self-assumption and arrogant demeanor is always recognizable. Edwin Booth was meek and lowly, the most unassuming among his fellows in the art. The modesty of Edwin Booth regarding his own power, fitness and greatness in the sphere in which he reigned, will be best appreciated among those who knew him and liked him. Let it be vouchsafed that the most gracious, talented and princely actor of this time, who so far recovered his health and strength as to enable him to make his farewell bow on the stage in the great metropolis where, as a youth, he won his first historic laurels—a worthy son of a distinguished father.

"Country Circus" at Powers.

The most startling innovation yet made in current theatricals is promised at Powers' next Friday and Saturday evenings when the curtain rises on C.B. Jefferson, Klaw and Erlanger's "Country Circus," a venture in which the theatrical profession for the past year has evinced the keenest interest and one in regard to whose details the public was kept in most blissful ignorance until October of last year, when it dazzled the staff of theatergoers of Philadelphia. Although its projectors made no regular claims or promises, its success has been estimated that over \$500,000 must have been expended in the production. The press, without a dissenting voice, pronounces it the most elaborate equipment ever given a theatrical enterprise in this country. It includes fifty horses, and a number of other animals, and a large number of people. The third act of the play is given up to a circus street parade, which is generally conceded to be the most gorgeous thing of its kind yet exhibited in American playgoers. In the scenic portion of the play, which comprises one full act, have been gathered together some of the best performers of two continents, including Mlle. Verna, queen of horseback riders; the Levers family, England's greatest acrobats; Dusey and Vellido, monarchs of the horizontal bar; Mlle. Hermans and pit, sons on the revolving globe; James Adams, clown; Mlle. Rosina on the slack wire; Signor Souter and his trained goats and dogs; Little Rose on the flying trapeze; Prof. George L. Wood and his educated ponies; "Mildred," the only equine wrestler in the world; a matinee will be given Saturday afternoon.

The Jax H. Boone Theater Company will hold forth at The Grand this week in a repertoire of plays, opening with a romantic drama in five acts entitled "Myrtle Ferns," with Alice MacArthur heading the cast. A change of bill will be given each evening with the customary matinee.

Gardner in "Fatherland."

Charles A. Gardner, a comedian of the Grand theater who has often appeared in Grand Rapids, gave two presentations of his new German comedy, "Fatherland," at Powers' yesterday. The attendance was small, not so good as the actor and company were entitled to. All singing dialect comedians may have a winning act, you know. A new play is well dressed,

well staged, and the persons who surround the star are, on an average, well adapted to the respective parts to which they are assigned. The piece given with good music and pleasing songs.

Swingman on Smith's.

The Early Birds, Barlowe company, which opens at Smith's opera house this week, closed a week's engagement in Chicago last night. The Barlowe, a nautical production, named the "First of Last Cruise," is brimful of laughable situations and climaxes, and has made a favorable impression wherever presented. The olio is a lengthy one and contains many interesting features that are new to Grand Rapids theatergoers. Among the principal actors in the olio the following may be mentioned: Carroll and Elmer, musical sketch artists; Jodie Love, the queen of terpsichore; the world's great laugh producers, the big three; Simmons and Blane, roving sketch artists; Cora Strong, vocalist; Kittle Fields, the sprightly danseuse; Morse, the Egyptian juggler. Matinees Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

General Stage Notes.

A writer says: Artistically the drama today does not deserve the large prominence given to it in the newspapers. When one went behind the scenes and talked to Edwin Booth he got out in front when the curtain went up to see a different man, a different character on the stage. When one went behind the scenes and talked to the leading man of the great modern New York company, what need to go in front? He'll only see the same man talking—and most of the time badly—somebody else's lines. To sit and look at Sarah Bernhardt in her dressing room and then to watch her act on the stage is a liberal study in art. But what can one find to analyze in the leading lady or the principal character in a modern play that comes to us, informed by columns of praise from the center of art? It is nothing. She is a woman, well dressed, perhaps handsome and attractive, but an every-day woman, who half the time cannot even momentarily awaken the illusion that, on or off the stage, she is in any particular point superior to any of a score of women one may know. The present popularity of the stage has brought out the fact that, while the genius is rare, the average intelligence is enough for the modern play. It can be taught.

Julia Marlowe was not much more than a chorus girl in "Pinafore." Agnes Huntington climbed from the lowest rungs of the ladder in the old Boston Ideal Opera company. Edith Kingston (now Mrs. George Gould) marched once as an amazon in "Jalisco." Lois Fuller was released by Rudolph Aronson from an engagement in the Casino chorus to accept an offer from Nat Goodwin, with whom in "Little Jack Sheppard" she made her first big hit. Anna O'Keefe came from the same apprenticeship; Belle Archer began her professional career as Cousin Hattie in a "Pinafore" chorus; Grace Golden, Della Fox, Lulu Glaser, Louise and Cecile Eisinger and even Edith Russell, began at the very bottom.

A bright young man arrived in New York a few years ago with a trained pig. As the educated animal would pick up a card or shoot off a toy cannon his owner would describe the feat. H. R. Jacobs was the man, and today he owns and controls the theater in the old Boston Ideal Opera company. His theater is a modest house, but he makes more money than several playhouses on Broadway. Mr. Jacobs personally manages his theaters and lives in sleeping cars. It is seldom that he is in one city two successive nights.

John H. Young, of the Broadway theater, New York, a former Grand Rapids boy, one of the greatest scenic artists in the country, is authority for the statement that the naval display in "The Ensign" is the most perfect ever put upon the American stage. It is said that 125 photographs of different parts of the United States man-of-war were taken by the artists, in order that every rope, line, gun and other man-of-war appointments would be correctly produced.

This is a description of Miss Georgia Cayvan's gown in "Americans Abroad": It is a magnificent combination of the first empire and director period. The long, clinging skirt, with scarcely any waist line, is of pale pink silk over which falls soft plaiting of the faintest green chiffon. The body of cerise velvet has the huge puffed combination of the first empire and director period. The long, clinging skirt, with scarcely any waist line, is of pale pink silk over which falls soft plaiting of the faintest green chiffon. The body of cerise velvet has the huge puffed combination of the first empire and director period.

A New York letter says: The appearance of McKee Rankin, Mrs. Rankin and Miss Phyllis Rankin in a box at Harriett's theater last evening caused a little talk. It was the first time the well-known theatrical family had been seen together since an unsuccessful divorce suit brought by one of the persons, and few knew that a reconciliation had taken place.

When Bronson Howard first produced "Shenandoah" Charles Frohman was a very young man who had sufficient faith to take it. Al. Hayman of San Francisco, put up the capital and Frohman the business energy. Within two years they divided it, it is said, \$104,000 as their share of the profits, after paying royalties.

An exchange says: "One of Herrmann's assistants who came from the audience one night last week to assist in the watch trick, afterwards changed his clothes, put on a false nose, and was the member of the committee who asked permission to enter the cabinet with the medium."

The third trial of M. B. Curtis has again been postponed until May 25. Meanwhile Curtis is diligently filling the soil at his big fruit ranch near Fresno, California, in the most hopeful and cheerful manner. He seems to be confident of his acquittal.

Sarah Bernhardt, so London papers report, has ceased to be a star attraction at Rome and Vienna. According to the reports she had been doing bad business in both capitals and prices had to be lowered.

Herbert Hall Winslow, the dramatist, is working for separation from his wife, Daisy Edna Winslow, in a South Dakota court. It is alleged that the trouble was that she could not stand his plays.

Sadie Martinot ceased acting last week at the Fifth Avenue, New York, and will go at once to Europe, in the hope that rest and travel will mend her shattered health.

"In Old Kentucky" will be next season's biggest new show. Its presentation will enlist the services of a cast unsurpassed for ability and effectiveness.

Stuart Robson has decided to revive "The Comedy of Errors" next season, and with this in view has engaged Gilles Shire to play the second Demos.

John A. McCandl is still a paralytic, and lives in Philadelphia, where he goes to the theater sometimes with the aid of an attendant.

GOING TO THE FAIR

Society Will be Sure to Visit Jackson Park.

Social Doings in April Days

Prospects for Out-Door Gaiety Are Auspicious—Flowers Have Grown Nearly Every Social Occasion.

Waiting for Dead Men's Shoes.

The Girls Intelligence Unemployed Men Are Seen in Haste to Carry.

"Jimmy Reilly's last job" said a ragged looking young man in a rusty pea jacket and a blue flannel shirt as he entered a railroad official's office in Jersey City on one of the coldest, snowiest days. "And I'd like to leave my name for the job of breaking in his place, sir."

"Lost his job? How's that?"

"Jist got killed up in the yard" replied the young man in the pea jacket.

The railroad official promised to hold the application under consideration, and the man went out, evidently well pleased.

"There is no calling," said the official, "no best with dangers and hardships as that of a railroad brakeman. Especially on a freight or coal train, and yet were 50 brakemen killed on this or any other road today there would be an eager and anxious applicant for each man's place as soon as the news of his death became known. The man who was in here just now, evidently saw Brakeman Reilly killed, because it couldn't have happened long before he came in, as I have received no official notice of the accident yet, and reports of that kind come in very promptly. That man witnessed Reilly's death, but whatever impression it made upon him was lost in the fact that the dead man had left a place to be filled by some one else. That prompted him to act at once, and he lost not a second in securing whatever of advantage he believed priority of claim for the place might give him."

"Every railroad has a small army of these anxious and waiting applicants for chances to step into dead men's shoes hanging around its yards and stations. They are chiefly men who have followed railroading all their lives and have lost their jobs in some way. You see, railroading is a good deal like politics. If a man goes into it once, he isn't worth a snap for anything else, and so if he gets out of it he is perpetually on the lookout for the opportunity that must come for him to get in again. There isn't one of the men I refer to who does not feel a genuine sorrow when a railroader is killed, and few of them would hesitate to risk their own lives in an effort to save that of any trainman in danger, although they might know that the death of that man would place them in the best position they could hope ever to fill, yet they hant the tracks and the station yards day after day watching the switching and the coming and going of trains, knowing that some one of the trainmen or switchmen is sure to be killed now and then."

"When the fellows of the man who came here in such haste to bespeak poor Reilly's place hear of Reilly's death, they will bemoan the hard fate that prevented them from being present when he was killed and robbed them of a chance to reach my ear first. It isn't at all likely that this enterprising young man will be hired in Reilly's place, although he may be. If he isn't, it will not shake his faith, nor that of any of the others, in the importance of having early intelligence of fatal accidents to trainmen, and being early to my office with the news and an application, or, if the accident occurs at a distance, to the office of the one having authority at that point."

There is one of these men who has brought me the first news of seven different men he has seen killed, and he is now, I have no doubt, watching for another accident with the hope that he will get the dead man's job."—New York Sun.

Deposited Grandeur For Sale.

In old St. Stephen's, famous in song and story, a parish of Berkeley county, on the banks of the tawny Santee, some 50 miles in a straight line from the shores of the Atlantic, is a grand landed estate whose broad acres, level river bottom and rolling highland, cultivated fields, tangled swamp, stately pine grove, groups of live oak, with here and there a bit of virgin forest, form a domain fit for a prince. On it has lived and died a long succession of Carolina planters, all princes in their day, to whom, while slavery lasted, snowy fields of cotton and waving crops of Indian corn and smaller grain furnished a princely revenue. And the cattle, if not of a thousand hills, of a thousand canebreakers, was theirs, and droves of wild hogs, that thrived in the thickets of the swamps, and blood horses were their pride.

All that is gone by now. The lordly life of the planter has passed away forever; slavery has been abolished, and the owner of the land, wearied of the struggle with demoralized freedmen, would fain give up the fight and offers his patrimony for sale for a song, far less than enough to support him comfortably for the decade of life that may yet remain to him. There are 6,000 acres in that estate, which is offered to any taker at very little over \$2 an acre. Of that 6,000 acres there is arable land capable of producing a bale of cotton to the acre, 20 to 30 bushels of corn, over 70 bushels of oats, to say nothing of the possibilities of fruits and vegetables and of horse, cattle and hog raising.—Charleston News and Courier.

Casey was digging a ditch in the street in front of his house for the purpose of making a connection with the sewer. He had a large pile of dirt thrown up on the roadway, and he was rapidly increasing it when stopped by a policeman.

"That are you doin' there, Casey?"

"Don't you see Ol'm diggin'?"

"How you a permit to blockade the street with that pile of dirt?"

"Oh boy not."

"Tain't you no know that you boy no right to put that dirt there?"

"That will Ol' do wid it, thin?" inquired the puzzled Casey.

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Mrs. William McBain, No. 255 Concord avenue, Thursday evening. The hand-painted literary and musical program were works of art. Two quartets were sung by the Misses Steinman, Thompson, Smith and Milburn.

Miss Bradley, accompanied by Miss Mortier, were much applauded. The others who helped to make the program interesting were Miss Bradley, Miss Martin, Miss Littlefield, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. and Miss Fallows, Mrs. Bencher and Miss Colwell. Bouillon and wafers were served.

Studying in Boston.

Mrs. Harriet A. Cooke, who is so well known in Grand Rapids, returned to Boston last Thursday, after a few weeks' visit in the city. Her son, J. Monroe Cooke, is in the English high school of Boston. He made the drawings for the world's fair, which were sent from Boston with the educational representations.

Mrs. Cooke spent last year in Prof. Curry's school of expression. This year she is in the normal course in the Boston gymnasium of educational gymnastics. This course embraces as thorough a study of anatomy, physiology and hygiene as a medical course.

She says that Boston pays \$8,000 each year to have this system taught in the public schools. Mrs. Cooke will graduate May 31, after which she will go to Chicago. Mrs. Cooke is an executive member of the renowned Fortnightly club of Boston. She gives very interesting accounts of her visits to the poet Whittier, and of a very recent one to the poet, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Shakespeare's Flowers.

The last meeting for the year of the Shakespeare Study Group, was held in the Ladies' Literary club house. The speaker, Mrs. Lorraine Immen, had given the class a year's study of "Othello." On this day the members of the class took characters from the play, and gave their parts as a test of their progress. The class being of nearly eighty members, each member represented several characters. Mrs. Gertrude Newton sang "The Willow" in a most engaging manner.

The club presented Mrs. Immen with a beautiful linen lunch cloth, upon which each member had embroidered a flower and her own initials to her name. These flowers were chosen from those which Shakespeare has immortalized. Mrs. Immen, who was elected for another year as director, gave to each member a large card, upon which she had placed a rose leaf spray and a pressed flower, all of which she had gathered with her own hands in Bohemia.

Pink Banquet.

Last Monday night was given a pink banquet at the home of Mrs. Lorraine Immen, on North Lafayette street. The festivities, which were in honor of the Shakespearean club, were held in Mrs. Immen's private theater, in the upper story of her house.

The women found their places by their names, which were written on pink maple leaf shaped cards, beside which was a pink menu, interspersed with poetic quotations. Each guest was presented with a bunch of pink carnations, tied with a pink ribbon. All of the decorations and appointments were of the same rosy hue, the pink china being decorated with a pattern of Shakespeare's home in Stratford. The members are to take a rest until after the Columbian fair, when they will resume their study of this many-sided genius.

Old and Young Dancers.

The Misses Gage and Benedict gave last Tuesday evening a complimentary dance and party to those who took part in the Konoti. There were fifty couples present, both the old and the young. The dances were Saratoga lancers, Russian, prairie queen, polka quadrille, galop, Oxford minuet, waltz quadrille, Carleton polka, plain quadrille, plain lancers. Refreshments and ices were served.

Yesterday afternoon a hundred or more of the children of the Misses Gage and Benedict's dancing classes were given a complimentary party in the armory by their teachers. The small people were quite as adept in tracing the intricacies of the various dances as were their elders on Tuesday evening. The hall was suitably decorated.

In Scotland's Honor.

The Ladies' circle of the Division Street Methodist church held a Scotch social on Thursday at the home of David Forbes on Julia street. The musical and literary program was made up entirely of Scotch songs and recitations. Mr. Forbes sang the old song of Robert Burns, "A Man's a Man for a That," and Frank Steinman sang "My Ain Bonny May." Miss Norton recited "The Combat," from Scott's "Lady of the Lake." A Scotch song was served, the main culinary achievement being "Pinner Hallow." It was fearfully and wonderfully made. More than a hundred people were present.

Solve Musical.

The spacious home of Mrs. Edwin F. Uhl of Fountain street opened its hospitable doors last Wednesday evening to 120 guests, who responded to invitations to attend a complimentary musical to Mrs. Etta Yale, the soprano singer. Mrs. Uhl had spared no pains in making her home lovely with the treasures of the green room. Those who assisted in the finely executed program were Mrs. Mary Palmer, violinist; Miss Maud Hughes, harpist; Mrs. Uhl and Miss Addie Jackson of Ionia.

St. Paul's Bazar.

The ladies of St. Paul's Episcopal church held a very successful bazar on the four last evenings of the week. The women, who had taken great pains in preparing, were able to sell for a good price every thing from their pretty booths that had a name, and something that none but themselves could give a name to. The literary, musical and dancing programs were novel and entertaining.

Chocolate Galore.

A sort of supplement to the chocolate entertainment given in All Souls' church last week and reported in THE SUNDAY HERALD, was held at the home of Walter Meech on East Bridge street last Wednesday night. A dozen or more young people drank all the chocolate they wanted and entertained themselves in the way that young people will when bent on having a good time.

Gaiety at Jenisonville.

On Tuesday night the two prosperous and jolly twin bachelors, Luman and Lucius Jenison, celebrated their 70th birthday. The Jenisonville town hall was joyfully decorated, and seventy-five old and young friends from the village and vicinity, and a few from the city, were present. The brothers were heartily congratulated on their good health and prospects for many years of life. There was dancing, card playing, music,

SPRING & COMPANY.

THE STORE IS VITAL WITH INTEREST.

THE RESPONSE IS EAGER.

CURRENT OFFERINGS ARE MAGNETIC.

A FRESH APRIL SHOWER OF BEAUTIFUL

Dress Goods!

Has been flooding shelf and counter to overflow at Spring & Company's every day for a week. Last-

downe, the prettiest, daintiest of the silk and wool mixtures, loses no whit of its loveliness and gathers new grace as it comes along. Of course the glancing glint of iridescent colors got caught in those exquisite folds. All the changeable effects are here, together with leading Paris fabrics.

A FRESH INFUSION

In the Cloak store last week has brought the stock into a state of par-excellence. Each Cape or Mantle is a triumph of the fashion maker, the weaver and the dyer. Ladies will find exceptional opportunities to clothe themselves and the little misses with pretty stylish garments at a trivial price.

New Silk Novelties!